"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PRAY!"

WHEN in the early dusk the brakeman called, "Santa Clara! Santa Clara!" and the train came jolting to a stop, the girl who had left New York that morning to seek health in the Adirondack Working Girls' Home rose—smiling, although her lips *would* tremble! The conductor took her baggage from her.

"You'll find 'em a pleasant, lively bunch. They can't help liking *you*, and this air will fix you up in no time. I'll be taking you back home soon—as sound as a kitten!

"That's one fine girl," the conductor said emphatically, as they watched her go up the graveled walk toward the friendly twinkling lights of the great stone house with the chattering bevy who had come to meet her. "Who'd ever think of tuberculosis and those girls in the same half hour?"

"She's the genuine article—and as pretty as the Lord makes 'em," conceded the brakeman heartily. "What is it about a really nice girl that gets a fellow so? Why, I'd *rather* have her 'Thank you' than a dollar bill! She's never been away from home before. Well, 'here's hopin'!"

In the solemn, early hush of the next morning the night nurse wakened Mrs. Corey, who was taking the matron's place for a week.

"It's the new girl. She's had a hemorrhage—a bad one. She can't last an hour, the doctor says, and they want you to come."

Tremblingly, the matron in charge dressed. Could that delicately vivid, charming girl of last evening actually be *dying* now?

"This is Mrs. Corey," the doctor said gently.

The girl who was dying lay, beautiful as a star; it was her first night away from home in the great murmuring north woods country! Straightway the sweet, sick eyes opened to her who stood in place of mother there.

"Pray, Mrs. Corey, please," she whispered. "Pray for them, at home. Ask God to show them—it's—all right! And pray—that I—may die—bravely!"

It was very still in the room; a robin twittered sleepily to her nest outside the window. She was a splendid dancing partner—Mrs. Corey. Those ringed hands were valiant with the cards!

"I couldn't—I—"

"At home—they thought I would surely get well—here," the girl said. "Ask God—"

"I couldn't pray without my prayer book," stammered the woman miserably.

The look in that young, stricken face, where there was no time, no strength, for reproach or even wonder, haunted the matron long afterwards.

"Doctor," the faint whisper came again, "then *you* must—ask God—for them at home! And—for me—that He will—take me—gently!"

"Little girl," the doctor said, white and greatly moved, "I would give my right arm to do this for you. But I don't know how to pray."

Time was short, indeed, now. The doctor lifted and held the little hands that essayed to fold themselves in the old, childlike attitude of prayer.

"Dear Jesus—take care of them—for me! Don't let them—grieve—too much. Bring them—safe home—mother and dad and Bob; auntie and Alice, Jim and Baby Ruth—and all—the others. And—take care—of me—now—for I'm—so tired—so—tired! Amen!"

In the cool stir and the growing glory of the new day the Lord Jesus took, very gently indeed, his little one home.

In a world of exigencies, whence each must pass out through the gate of mortal weakness into life beyond, dare we live unprepared to answer that last instinctive cry of mortal extremity?

LOUVAIN